

Bark Like A God

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Bark Like A God

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

Every moan that shakes in Dream's head uncoils him, unravels him, leaves him feeling like putty in his own hands. And the only thing he can seem to think about besides his pleasure is how the boy sounds so much like George.

Or, Dream stumbles across a link to a Pornstar who sounds exactly like his best friend.

Notes

song: Bark Like A God by Sloppy Jane

THIS IS ALL IN ONE CHAPTER WOO

if you'd like, skip down to where you think you left off or just read everything again lmao.
THIS ISN'T BETAED BUT WILL BE SOON.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream shouldn't be doing this.

He shouldn't be indulging in his dumb little fantasies, waiting for each uncontrollable flash of white to spark throughout the caverns of his body. But with every strangled whine that rings out from his computer to his headphones, it only increases his libido tenfold.

Milky pale thighs, trembling from constant overstimulation, illuminate across the screen of Dream's desktop. White and baby-blue striped socks are rolled over the tops of thighs—thighs that look so fucking familiar to Dream—fat jutting out from the tops of the stockings. Whines, gasps, and moans shake their way into Dream's mind, watching as the man in the video bounces on a dildo that is way *too big* for him to take at such a vigorous pace before sinking back down.

Breathy '*fuck*'s and pleas fall from the boy's mouth—Dream noticing the British accent that layers the voice with thick lust, only encouraging his fantasies more. Fantasies that were about Dream's petite and British friend, which he shouldn't be having.

"*Please,*" the boy whispers.

The plea sends another violent flash of white down the creep of Dream's spine, cock twitching in the confinements of his boxers. Merely an hour ago, Dream was idly scrolling through his Twitter when he came across an explicit post about a camboy and how it *sounds just like George*. Just the thought of it, what George sounds like, was enough for Dream's curiosity to get the best of him.

And whoever posted the Twitter link was fucking right. It sounded exactly like George. Hell, even the boy's body looked like George's. All pretty and pale and *so fucking petite*.

So, the tweet lingers in the back of Dream's head as he listens. Listens to the adorably loud whimpers and begs that sound awfully like George, though Dream doesn't know what his friend sounds like considering the circumstances. But the possibility of George moaning that fucking loudly during sex has Amaryllis' petals blooming through the caverns of his chest as distinct arousal swells his in his gut.

Perhaps it was wrong to think about George in this way. But with the uncanny similarities between the camboy and George and that dumb fucking tweet that keeps reminding Dream of its presence, it's a tad bit difficult to keep his thoughts in check.

"*Oh, fuck!*" a muffled noise is squeezed from the man's throat.

The boy juts out his hands, crumpling blue bed sheets as his movements start to falter, burying himself down on the dildo. His thighs begin to shake, muscles tensing with intent, and cum spills from his cock for what Dream thinks is the third time, his obscene moans becoming hushed whimpers.

The camboy hunches over, careful to cover his face from the view of the camera—from the view of Dream—who so desperately wants to know who he is.

His thighs are still trembling as the boy pulls himself up off of the dildo and makes his way over to

the camera. The image of his room is the only thing seen before the video cuts black, leaving Dream's computer screen dim, seeing how his reflection stared back at him from the abyss.

A gentle breath drifts across the top of Dream's lip as he sulks in his chair. He's hard as a rock in his boxers from imagining that pretty boy being George. It was wrong on so many fucking levels. And Dream knew that, after tonight, his view towards George would never be the same again.

Dream huffs and clicks to view his profile, scrolling through past broadcasts when one, in particular, catches his eye: *'Pretty Princess Gets Fucked By His King.'*

He hovers his mouse over the video with gentle curiosity, licks his lips, and clicks before settling back in his chair.

The video starts with the petite man standing next to a more muscular male—both exposed—and his hands, which look small now, are wrapped around his partner's cock, slowly stroking him. Dream cringes at this, moving his mouse to skip past the parts he felt were boring until the image of the pretty man being ruthlessly fucked in doggy pops up. Dream lets the video play out from there.

The boy pushes back onto the other's cock, desperate for some sort of action. His partner only chuckles, gripping the top of the boy's hips, pressing him down into the bed. When he begins to move, not even trying to start with a slow pace, the smaller male is quick to moan out in delight.

Loud whines bloom in Dream's ears, settling a sweet imprint in his mind. His cock pulses, reminding him of how turned on he is from watching someone who sounds like his best friend get fucked mercilessly. God, what the hell is wrong with him? Why did he click that link?

Dream finally caves and brings a hand down to palm at himself, hissing from the contact. The sound of skin slapping together and moans—both high-pitched and low—slip ever so gently to Dream's headphones, surrounding his world with obscene noises, along with the slick noise of lube. The pretty boy's moans falter to incessant whines, bare thighs trembling as he cums over the sheets. Dream thinks he must be sensitive given how fast it took him to reach his orgasm.

That, or his partner was extremely good at what he does.

Somehow, during the motions of Dream pulling his boxers down to wrap his hand around his cock, his thoughts stray away from the man to George. Dream wants to know if he actually sounds like the pretty boy in the video—wants to know if George would let him find out.

A stuttering breath passes Dream's lips as he drags his thumb across the slit of his dick, collecting the absurd amount of precum that slips down the curve of his cock and spreads it over his length. Dream shutters into his fist, listening to the strings of whines that come from the video, pressuring him to stroke himself faster, low grunts being choked from the hollow of his throat.

Hot arousal burns with an intense passion. Every moan that shakes in Dream's head uncoils him, *unravels him*, leaves him feeling like putty in his own hands. And the only thing he can seem to think about besides his pleasure is how the boy sounds *so much like George*. Dream doesn't know if he'll last long anymore.

"You like this, princess?" The sudden words make Dream flinch.

"Fuck—yes," the man mutters incoherently, mind seeming to be clouded with lust. *"Harder, please—god, fuck."*

Those six little words push Dream over the edge, making him fall in a frenzy of gasps and moans

as he spills into his hand. Dream pulls away, admiring the thick, warm cum that envelops his fingers and drips down between the digits. He wipes it off on his boxers—he has to wash them anyway.

Another strangled moan has him flinging his headphones off with a huff, quick to pause the video.

As he comes down from his high, his guilt swells in place of the previous arousal that coaxed through the marrow of bones, and Dream skinks down in his chair as reality slaps him in the face with a sickening harshness. *‘What the fuck is wrong with you?’* The universe seems to ask him. And it’s a question that’ll go unanswered until the end of time.

Dream glares at the video. The frozen image of the boy with his partner’s cock buried inside of him seems to mock him, tease him, alight his skin aflame from the trickling shame that seeps through his bloodstream. It derides Dream of his sanity, his pride. And it was all because of that stupid tweet that still idly lingers in the back of his mind.

A soft chime sounds from his headphones, and his eyes flicker down to the Discord notification that slides across the corner of his screen. Speak of the fucking devil—it’s George.

‘Wanna call?’

Dream sits up in his chair with a heavy sigh, pulling his headphones back over his ears. He doesn’t think he could hear George’s voice without thinking of the man from the video, at least not for some time.

Another message comes through. *‘Please, I wanna talk to u :].’*

Screw George and his stupidly cute emoticons.

Dream purses his lips, clicking over to Discord and his private messages with George. He supposes he would just have to deal with it. For how long, though? Dream has no clue. Before Dream could even type out a response, George calls him, the loud and incessant tone blaring like alarms in Dream’s ears.

Fuck, *fuck*. Out of all the fucking times, why does George want to talk to Dream right after he just finished jacking off to someone who sounds almost *exactly like George*? Dream can’t do this. Not right now, not like this. He doesn’t even have boxers on—

Dream answers and brings a hand up to bite at his thumb, cringing at the salty remnants of cum he can taste but disregards it. Every nerve in his body burns like they’re being dragged across the pits of hell.

“Hello?” George says once the call connects.

Dream swallows, thick and heavy, “Uh, hey.” It feels awkward—for Dream anyway, considering prior events.

“What’re you doing?” George’s sotto-like voice is all around, penetrating Dream’s every thought with an ill intent of breaking him down—which seems to be working.

“Nothing, really,” Dream mutters, toneless. *Just got done jacking off to your look-alike, you know, as one does.* “Why’d you call?”

George sighs, teasing out, “Sounds like you don’t wanna talk to me, Dream. Why’s that?”

“What?” Dream furrows his eyebrows, “Of course, I want to talk to you.” *Just not right now.*

“But you sound tired,” George hums, silvery and smooth.

“I’m not.”

Dream lies. He is tired, and each time George speaks, Dream is reminded of the video—the video that’s still up on his other screen. He fucking hates this. Screw whoever tweeted that stupid link.

“If you say so,” George mumbles before changing the subject, “I just got done recording a video for my channel.”

“Without me?” Dream smiles, feeling a slight pressure being lifted from his chest as the conversation slips into something more comfortable.

The soft lull of George’s laugh pulls Dream in. “You would’ve been bored,” he says lightly, “I messed the coding up, and everything went wrong.”

“What was the code?” Dream looks down. He needs to put on pants. “Send it to me, and maybe I can help.”

George hums in disagreement, “No, it’s fine. The idea sucked anyway.”

“What was the idea?”

George hesitates for a moment. “Nothing, don’t worry about it, Dream.”

There’s a beat of silence and Dream finally finds the energy to get up and put some pants on. He settles for sweatpants, tugging them up the length of his legs and hissing when the fabric drags against his cock—he’ll take a shower later.

“Are you excited?” George cuts through the silence.

Dream lets out a soft noise of confusion as he makes his way back to his chair. “Excited for what?”

The porn stares at Dream with unyielding intent. His face flushes red with embarrassment before he quickly closes the tab; he can’t stand it being open while he’s talking to George.

“Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten.” Dream hums as if to tell George that he has. “I’m coming to America, remember? You bought me a ticket, like, a month ago.”

Dream groans, dragging his hands down his face. How could that have slipped his mind so easily? He hasn’t even prepared for George’s visit—hasn’t prepared himself, either.

“Do you still want me to come...?” George asks softly, almost as if Dream’s forgetfulness had hurt him in some way.

“What? Of course, I do, George,” Dream lifts his face from his hands, “I’ve just been so busy lately and—” a gentle breath caresses the top of his lip, “Fuck, I’m sorry, George. I thought I had more time.”

“It’s okay, Dream,” George giggles, the sound a gentle melody, “You have until Saturday.”

Another beat of silence rings out, only this time more strained.

Saturday was two days away. Could Dream get everything prepared before then? Is two days

enough time? Fuck, why did he have to forget about something *so fucking important*? And, with that god-forsaken tweet that popped up on his Twitter feed, he'll have to get his thoughts in check between now and Saturday, too.

Dream and George talk for another good hour or so—only barely being reminded back to *the video*, though there were some instances—until Dream makes the excuse of having to get the guest bedroom prepared for George's visit, wanting it to be perfect.

Dream lets out a heavy sigh once they've hung up. It's going to be long fucking two days.

And they couldn't have passed slower.

Many hours were spent with Dream on that boy's account, idly scrolling and watching him use various items—from buttplugs, to cock rings, to giant dildos that poke at the inside of his stomach, creating an abnormally large bulge. However, no second partner was involved anymore, which Dream preferred; it allowed him to take in the boy's petite form.

Perhaps it wasn't just about the boy anymore. It was about George, too, and how badly Dream wanted to fuck George until he sounded like the male that's been implanted in his mind for the last three days. He wanted to hold George's frail wrists down, push them into his mattress with strength he can't deny, and pound him until he was convulsing with pleasure.

In simple terms, the porn account only made Dream realize his secret lust towards his friend, which was the complete opposite of trying to get his thoughts in order.

Now, Dream is supposed to be picking George up from the airport, and it would've been okay if it weren't for the fact that George was so much more perfect in person. Innocent expressions that induced the prettiest of puppy dog eyes were significantly larger than the way they were on camera. All the while, Dream desperately tries to push away the thoughts of those same eyes welling up with tears as George gags on his cock.

When Dream pulls George into a hug, arms wrapping around the British man's thin shoulders with such unbelievable ease, he can't help the impurest of thoughts that involve shoving George down on his bed (or against a wall) from slipping into his head. It would be so easy to do as well.

"You're so short, George," Dream chuckles, pulling back from the hug to stare down at the boy, who can only roll his eyes.

"Actually," George tuts, pointing a finger to himself, "I'm above average height," he turns the finger to Dream, "You're just abnormally large."

"You know it, sweetheart," Dream winks at him.

Dream absolutely loves the way George gets flustered and red in the face so quickly. And why, for the love of god, can Dream not stop these fucking thoughts from flooding his mind? Why can he not get a grip on his self-control?

Not now, Dream. Please, not fucking now.

Dream is quick to grab George's bags from him, saying something about how George was the guest, and it's the polite thing to do. And either Dream's mind is playing tricks on him, or he can see the way George eyes his muscles as they flex through the fabric of his shirt in his peripheral vision. He figures the first.

"I never expected Florida to look so...pretty," George says once they're on the interstate, "I always

figured it to be more, like, I dunno—crawling with wild bears and madmen.”

Dream laughs, stealing a glance at the man in the passenger seat. “Not all of us are madmen, George.”

George scrunches his face, a smile threatening to slide across his mouth as he gives Dream a once-over. “Well, I wouldn’t say that.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“Have you seen yourself?” George jokes, “You’re the definition of a Florida Man.”

Dream rolls his eyes, pearly whites barely shimmering from behind his lips. “George. I have seen myself, and I happen to believe I’m the hottest man ever to walk the planet.”

George chuckles, “You keep thinking that, buddy.”

“I will,” Dream huffs.

Every so often, Dream snuck a glance over at George just to please the more desperate parts of his mind and engrave the image of George bathed in the golden hue of the setting sun for the rest of eternity. And if Dream’s eyes linger on the fat of George’s thighs that are being squeezed by the tight fabric of his jeans, that’s nobody’s business but his.

It’s perfect—almost perfect enough for the videos of the camboy to dissipate from the ridges of Dream’s brain. *Almost*.

Dream couldn’t stop himself from imagining how milky white George’s thigh would be. He can’t stop himself from imagining how his hand—much darker than George’s skin—would look on top of them, squeezing the fat harsh enough to leave bruises in the shape of his fingers. He’d look good with them, Dream thinks. The juxtaposing black and brown and purple against alabaster.

He wonders if, underneath those incessant clothes, George looks like the camboy. Fuck, Dream could only hope.

A whimper penetrates through Dream’s thoughts, and he starts to question if he’s beginning to hear things until George starts apologizing.

“Sorry,” he pulls the hem of his hoodie down to cover his lap, “I had a cramp in my thigh.”

“Do you need a massage or something?” Dream asks, quickly looking between George and the road.

George shifts in the seat, his hand coming up to cover his mouth as he shakes his head. Dream delivers him a strange look but disregards the question. The whimper settles to the back of Dream’s mind, giving him déjà vu to a video he saw on the pornstar’s channel, his little whimpers sounding exactly like the one George let out.

George almost looks relieved when they finally pull into the driveway of Dream’s place—climbing out of the car before Dream could even put it in park.

“H-Hurry up, Dream,” George whines, accent thick and smokey as he grabs one of the bags from the back seat of the car, “We can get the rest of it tomorrow.”

“Why are you in such a rush, Georgie?” Dream smirks, raising an eyebrow at the boy, “Ready to

be alone with me in my house, finally?”

George rolls his eyes, “Shut up,” he stumbles forward against the car, “Shit...” he whispers under his breath.

“Dude,” Dream chuckles worriedly, approaching the other, “You okay?”

George hums, strangled, “Yeah—I, I’m fine,” he latches on to the taller man, whispering out curses, “‘M just tired.”

“You’re just tired?” Dream inquires, “Are you sure, because—”

“Please,” George cuts him off, fisting the fabric of Dream’s shirt, “Can we just go inside?”

Dream nods his head, helping George stand up on his own, hearing the soft whimpers that fall into the open air that are probably hotter than they ought to be, considering George’s tiresome appearance. He leads George into the house and through complicated twists and turns to avoid the furniture. Once they reach the guest room, George eagerly rushes to the bed, shooing Dream away so he can sleep. Dream only rolls his eyes, whispering a ‘*Goodnight, George,*’ even though it was only six in the evening.

And then somehow, it’s midnight, and Dream is back on the porn website.

He scrolls through the videos, trying to find one he hadn’t seen before—though that wasn’t likely. Dream refreshes the page, heart sputtering from his chest once he sees a new video published only a few minutes ago:

‘Pretty Princess Tries To Be Quiet At His Friends House After Hours Of Teasing.’

It’s almost routine as he clicks on the video, staring at the screen with intent as it loads. And then there he is—the pretty boy in all of his glory. Besides the hoodie that flows around his body, he’s completely exposed, vulnerable.

His knees are bent on the floor, thighs slightly stretched up as he does a little dance, swaying his hips. Fingers tease at the hem of his hoodie before dipping down to grip at his thighs, nails leaving tiny crescent moons in his skin and beautiful whimpers falling from his mouth—his mouth which Dream couldn’t see but wants to.

The boy lifts the front of his hoodie just enough to tease how his cock drips with precum. And though the quality wasn’t as good as his other videos, Dream can see how utterly fucking red the tip of his dick is. The male in the footage wraps a hand around his cock, but the motions were barely visible. He leans back on his calves, his other hand reaching up to his face, seeming to cover his mouth, yet Dream could still hear the soft moans that he so desperately tries to silence.

Dream’s eyes focus on the three little freckles that paint his left thigh, just above his knee, in a triangular pattern—something that Dream has come to recognize as a key feature of the male. He wants to trace his tongue over them, suck a small blemish to the middle of them.

Before things could get too much, the boy removes his hands and turns around, lowering his chest to the floor. Dream could see a pink, jewel-encrusted buttplug in the shape of a heart puckering from his hole. And fuck, does it look pretty.

His hand wraps around to press the plug further inside of him, a muffled noise being heard. God, it would be so easy to have him moaning underneath Dream, begging for his cock. Dream wonders if George would beg for him—

With a particular rough push of the plug, the boy lets out a high moan quickly muffled.

“*Fuck*,” he whispers, pulling the toy past his rim before shoving it back inside. And with that slight movement, the boy’s thighs are trembling, and cum shoots from his cock, painting the floor white with his release. But he doesn’t stop there.

He pulls the buttplug out, setting it to the side as he turns back around to the camera, reaching just out of view of the camera to grab hold of a big, black dildo. Dream watches with intent as spit begins to trickle down the length of the toy, his hand then working it around the width. The boy places it behind him, lifts his ass, and slowly sinks back down.

Once he settles, adjusting to the size of the toy, the boy spreads his thighs more and leans back on his hands, ever so slowly fucking himself. Dream can *tell* he’s trying to be quiet, and that just makes it even hotter. It makes it hotter that he’s *trying not to be heard* and is so close to failing, so close to losing all control of his original intentions.

And Dream almost wants him to. Dream wants the boy to lose his grip on reality and be as loud as he fucking could.

The tip of the boy’s cock is rubbing against his hoodie, adding an extra rough sensation of pleasure as he picks up his pace. Though before long, he pulls the hem of the jacket to his mouth, helping with his feeble attempts to stay quiet, and wraps a hand around his cock. Then, he’s coming again. Convulsing with pleasure as he tries to keep himself on the dildo before falling back into a steady rhythm.

There are another fifteen minutes left of the video, Dream finally giving in and jerking himself off under his sweats. His orgasm is intense, and Dream doesn’t even remember falling asleep at his desk.

The morning couldn’t have come sooner.

Dream wakes up the next day blissfully oblivious to the fact George is in his house—partially because he’s still waking up. So he doesn’t care that he had fallen asleep at his desk with the porn tab open; it was usually like that anyway.

Embarrassment presents itself on his cheeks, dusting them pink with lasting color as he observes the dim screen of his computer. It’s open to the boy’s webpage. Tenfolds of videos, all having the same orange line across the bottom, splaying out across the monitor, reminding Dream of what he watched last night. And now that he can recall the events...the room in the video almost looked like the guest room.

That wasn’t possible, right?

George knew the risks of being a porn creator, especially with their popularity on YouTube. So it was only logical to conclude that it wasn’t George and that the familiar background was just a coincidence. But there was that slightest twinge of curiosity that revolved around Dream’s mind. He’d like to imagine it was George—hell, he usually did.

And usually, Dream would never have this type of internal suffering from literal porn. If he had happened to have found the account under different circumstances, he would have never even batted an eyelash at the thought of George while watching it. All of this sexual frustration stemmed from the stupid, dumb tweet that now sits in his bookmarks. It was all because of that fucking caption and that repulsing link to an even more repulsing website.

It's only been three days of knowing the porn account existed in the first place. How in the world was Dream going to last around George for however the fuck long he's here without trying to find out if he sounded like the boy in the videos?

"Dream?"

Dream didn't process the words until his door was wide open. George stands in the doorway, almost looking like a kid that's about to ask their mother if they can sleep with them after having a nightmare. He hurriedly tabs out of the website, quick to feign innocence as he flashes George with ivory teeth.

"Hey," Dream catches the way George's brows knit together, head tilting with confusion. "Do you need something?"

George flickers his gaze between the computer and Dream. Fuck, there was no way George didn't see what Dream was on. And it's the fact that Dream doesn't *know* if George saw it or not that makes him sheepish. It makes him squirm like a child caught with his hand in a cookie jar, trying to pretend he wasn't doing anything suspicious.

"Uh," George presses closer, feet scuffing against the carpet of Dream's room, "I was just wondering if you were up."

It's the fucking way George looks at Dream that gets him riled up. Because why the fuck was George *looking at him like that*? Maybe it's his imagination.

"Yeah," Dream mumbles, turning his attention to one of the many fidget spinners on his desk, "I woke up a few minutes ago. Fell asleep at my desk editing a video."

"I figured," George chuckles, sitting down on the edge of Dream's bed, "I knocked earlier, but you never answered."

"You did?"

George nods. "You never answered the door, so I just went back to bed."

Dream can see from the corner of his eye how George is scrutinizing him. Glancing him over with every drag of those hazel orbs that Dream wishes he could see welled up with pretty, delicate tears. He keeps that thought locked up for the safety of his sanity.

The air is thick and heavy—suffocating even as they sit in silence. Dream never spares George a look while George pleases his sweet little eyes with the loving view of Dream. And maybe the awkwardness is one-sided. Maybe George doesn't feel the suffocating tension, but Dream fucking does.

"Well," George sighs, rubbing his hands over the tops of his thighs—Dream only wishes he didn't have sweatpants on, "Is there anything you wanna do today?"

Dream scoffs. "I don't know of anything to do, really."

Another wave of hot silence passes. And this time, Dream finally looks over to George, catching the way his tongue pokes out, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth, dragging his eyes up and down Dream's body. When they meet eyes, there's something behind George's ebony gaze. Dream swears up and down that there is, but he just can't place it; it almost feels like he knows something that he's just not telling Dream, and that makes his curiosity skyrocket.

“I saw a food place while we were on our way here,” George says, “Maybe we could go get something to eat?”

Dream glances over to his computer, skimming the bottom of the screen—lingering at the indication of a tab that was closed—before looking at the time. He sighs; it’s past noon.

“I don’t see why not,” Dream mutters, remnants of sleep evident in his voice.

“Okay,” George springs from the bed, face visibly lighting up from Dream’s agreement, “Meet you in ten?” Dream nods, sparing George one final glance before he leaves.

Fuck, Dream thinks, sliding his hands down the side of his face. Remind him to lock his door from now on, Jesus Christ.

Ten minutes pass by in a blink of an eye, and soon they head out to whatever fast-food place George had seen the day prior.

“Are you sure you saw one, George?” Dream teases, glancing over to the boy who seems distracted, squeezing his thighs together as he stares out the window. “George?” Dream tries again.

George looks over to him, and what catches Dream off guard for a moment is his dusty pink cheeks. Dream has to stop himself from staring as it would be weird—that and he’s driving. But holy fuck. Why the hell did George look so...flustered? Nothing has happened between leaving the house and now, or so Dream hopes.

“Are you good, George?” Dream sneaks another glance, “You’re really red.”

George nods frantically, biting his lip as his breath stutters. “Yeah, Yeah. ‘M fine.”

Dream doesn’t believe it. How can he, when his best friend is shaking, face red as a tomato, and soft little gasps that he pretends not to hear litter his mind? George genuinely looks ill. Maybe being in Florida was taking a toll on him, and if it was, Dream almost feels bad about it.

“You can uh,” Dream hesitates, “You can tell me if you’d rather not be here with me—”

“What?” George says, breathy, “Of course, I w-want to be here, Dream.”

“I know,” Dream chuckles, glancing again, “I’m just getting mixed signals here—”

George cuts him off, looking at Dream with a *‘seriously dude?’* molded onto his face. “Pull over.”

“But we’re on the interstate?”

“Well, go to a fucking gas station or something.”

Dream listens, handing George his phone and asks him to put in the nearest gas station on the GPS. George asks for his password, and Dream mindlessly gives it to him. Then, within the next five minutes, they’re pulling into the lot of a gas station.

“So,” George begins, shifting in his seat to face Dream better, but not after a hushed whimper falls past his lips, “I just want you to know that I am very fucking happy to be here. Okay, Dream?”

“I know that,” Dream whispers, looking at the steering wheel, “I kinda feel bad since I, like, totally fucking forgot about it since my mind was occupied and I wasn’t prepared for anything, and now I feel like a dumbass—”

“Dream,” George draws out, using a hand to turn Dream’s face towards him, “I promise you, you’re fine.” Dream tries to pull away, but George keeps him in place. “And you know what, if the world ended and there was only you and me left on the earth, I’d be happy because I’d be with you.”

Dream chuckles heartedly. “You’re such an idiot, George.”

It’s strange—the feeling Dream has from George’s comforting words. They swoop every edge off of Dream’s nerves and plant dandelions within the soil of his heart. George’s voice soothes every nook in the marrow of his bones, and his hand burns in the best way it ever could against Dream’s cheek. And maybe, *just maybe*, the idyllic feeling overpowers all sexual desire.

And somehow, all of it feels right. No matter how unrealistic it is, it’s them.

“Now,” George grins, tapping the other’s cheek softly, “Keep those words in mind every time you start to doubt if I’m enjoying myself or not. Okay?”

Dream nods.

“Good. Now, where’s the bathroom?”

Dream laughs, soft and anchored. “I don’t know. You’ll have to go in and ask.”

George scrambles out of the car, almost falling over with a curse. “Don’t leave me,” he jokes, pointing a silly finger at Dream before shutting the door.

“I won’t,” Dream mumbles with a smile, though he knew George couldn’t hear it, as he watches the smaller boy retreat into the gas station.

Once George is out of his eyesight, Dream slams his forehead into the steering wheel. The pain of the impact is nothing compared to the pain in his heart—though the first was justifiable. Dream’s heart, however, well, that was doomed the first time he ever met George. God knows how that went.

The chime of Dream’s phone pierces through his skull. He glowers at the loud noise as he snatches it up. And the dull pain that jolts his heart quickens to something akin to a shock-factor, his eyes scanning the Twitter notification from *him*. Oh, yeah. Dream followed the pornstar on Twitter under a secret account after watching all of the boy’s videos.

He slides his finger across the screen, his phone turning bright blue before the boy’s tweet pops up.

Holy shit, Dream sputters. It’s a picture. Situated towards his ass, exposing a close-up of a soft, sapphire blue butt plug with a jewel in the shape of a circle and it’s shoved inside him. His eyes flicker to the caption: *‘teasing myself while out with a friend. P.s, it vibrates :].’*

For some odd reason, the emoticon reminds Dream of George; it was something that he used a lot, practically his signature. George and that boy were so fucking familiar that it hurts Dream’s head, and he can’t tell if his lust is directed at George or the pornstar at this point. Maybe it’s both, though George is a little dearer to Dream’s heart.

Dream observes the picture some more. The boy is in a dirty area—probably a public restroom. Scraps of toilet paper lay on the ground around him, and Dream can’t see anything other than the boy’s exposed ass, legs, and the floor. Where the hell are his pants? He taps on the comment button, typing out a very vague response before pressing send. Dream has never actually gotten a

reply back, but maybe since he was early...?

The sudden click of the passenger door opening has him dropping his phone to the side, turning off the screen quickly.

“Dude,” George says, struggling to get in the car, “That was the dirtiest fucking bathroom—”

Dream rolls his eyes in a playful gesture. “You like dirty things, so don’t complain.”

“For the most part, Dreamie,” George drags his eyes up and down Dream’s body before winking at him.

Dream huffs, rolling his eyes again. “I’m going to get us something to eat.”

“From here?”

“Yeah, where else? You obviously didn’t see somewhere to eat, so why not?”

George pouts as Dream gives him a light punch that hurts way too much for his frail shoulders. It makes George shift in his seat, the vibrating toy inside of him moving in a way that has his insides feeling like they’re going to explode from the unyielding promise of release that’s still so far away. George has to bite back the moan that dares to creep up his chest.

Dream finally leaves, and George lets out the highest fucking moan as the plug jabs at his prostate with every vibration. He shifts again, situating himself so that the butt plug just barely grazes his sweet spot. With a sigh, he opens Twitter, switching to his secret account. George hadn’t received many comments yet, maybe two or three, as it was more of a slow day per se; posting on a Sunday had its downsides. However, one comment catches his eye.

‘I’d love to stuff you full of my cum and make you wear your pretty little plug afterward,’ it says.

George moans at that, re-reading it over and over again. The comment settles in the pit of his stomach and burns with tightening arousal. Fuck, that’s so hot. He bites his lips as he giggles, typing out his reply.

‘I’d love that, too ;/’ he hits send.

Almost instantaneously, a chime dings through the car. Did Dream leave his phone here? Why did it...?

George looks towards the doors of the gas station, noticing how Dream is at the checkout lane. He’ll have time to just take a peek, right? Before he can stop himself, George has Dream’s phone in his hands, lips parting as his breath hitches in his throat, eyes zeroing in on the Twitter notification that illuminates the phone screen.

Does Dream watch his videos? What the hell?

Arousal bubbles over in his stomach from the mere thought of Dream getting off to his videos, and fuck, he’s got to turn the vibrator off. George can see Dream bidding goodbye to the cashier—they look like they know each other, and George can only hope that Dream stays for a bit longer; he needs a few moments to process everything.

George lets out a stuttering breath, trying to place Dream’s phone back where he found it. Fuck, how does he handle this? Does he confront Dream? No, that would be dumb. Of course, George can’t. He’ll have to do something more...humiliating. Something so utterly fucking embarrassing

that Dream will have no choice but to ask why George is doing it. That's when Dream will be the most vulnerable—that's when George will have to attack.

And he already has the plans unfolding in his head like a step ladder.

The entire way back home, George thinks about how he'll go about it. He'll need to stretch himself more, of course. He'll need his stockings, garters, plugs—fuck; he needs everything. George wants to render Dream speechless. He wants to make Dream sputter and flush red, make him choke on his spit once he lays his eyes on George's body, all pretty and dressed up. And there's something that tells him Dream would enjoy it. Maybe it was the tweet done under an anonymous name, and maybe it was just Dream's vibe.

But if there is one thing that's certain, it's that George *will make Dream* want to ruin him even if it takes a bit of pushing.

Once he got home, George shaved and stretched himself just to make everything more perfect. And after his shower, he finds himself standing in front of the bag with most of his suggestive clothing and sex toys in it, ranging from a variety of thigh highs and many types of dildos and butt plugs. If you asked him why he packed so much, he wouldn't be able to tell you. Honestly, George is surprised he didn't get caught smuggling dildos and buttplugs into the United States.

An outfit is settled on without much consideration; a simple white, oversized t-shirt, black shorts—which can barely be seen—and black silk lace are rolled up his legs, digging into the tops of his thighs deliciously. It's basic, but it'll definitely get Dream going, won't it?

Dream would like this on George, right?

George could only hope. A gentle breath crosses over the top of his lip as he recalls the tweet Dream had commented on.

I'd love to stuff you full of my cum.

He can't deny how unbelievably hot it is to imagine. And George wants it, though he wants Dream to tell him that to his face, not over social media where nobody knows who he is. George is already slipping, but he knows he has to keep up a confident facade if he's going to go through with his plan. Before George can talk himself out of it, he makes his way to the living room, eyes falling onto Dream, who sits uncaringly on the couch, back turned to George, unexpected.

Here goes nothing.

Dream looks unbothered as he lazily scrolls through his phone, and George almost doesn't want to bother him—doesn't want to ruin his friendship. But George just has to fucking know if Dream wanted him in the same he wants Dream. He watched his videos. Everything is a gentle reminder of George; his moans, his body, his room. It's only obvious George would *have* to slip into Dream's mind at some point or another.

He just hopes nothing will go wrong.

With admirable anticipation, George slides into view of the other. Dream looks up and then back down at his phone, then back up again; a double-take. George catches the way Dream's pupils dilate as he takes in the sight before him, catches the way his lips part in astonishment, the way his eyes drag over George's body before landing back on his face. Dream has the most prominent fucking puppy dog eyes.

“What are you....” Dream inhales, darting his tongue out to lick at his lips, “What the hell are you

wearing?”

George tries to hide the smirk that crawls across his face as he reaches down to adjust the elastic band of his stockings, Dream following the motion. The pride that blooms a variety of flowers in George’s chest swallows him whole, causing him to step forward, crowding Dream’s space until George’s knees knock against his—until his thighs straddle Dream’s lap, trapping him to the sofa.

Dream can smell the sweet scent of George; vanilla and pinewood. It laces his brain with toxins, alarms blaring in his head from the proximity of the other. George leans back on the ball of his hand that presses into Dream’s knees, arching his back slightly as his other hand rests idly beside him.

“Do you like it?” George says, lulling Dream in with every smooth syllable that falls from his mouth.

Dream swallowed thickly, drawing his eyes over the man’s thin body. He’s seen this outfit before, but at the moment, Dream can’t seem to process any logical thoughts, so he can’t place it. Cold fingers numbly tilt Dream’s face up to George’s ebony gaze.

“Answer me, Dream.” The way George speaks with such softness behind devious words shouldn’t be allowed.

Dream flickers between George’s umber eyes, dusty pink swooping over freckled cheeks. George peers down at him from their angle while Dream is forced to tilt his head up—something Dream didn’t particularly like considering his ego. But there’s nothing that he could do about it right now. George squeezes Dream’s chin, encouraging him to respond.

“What are you doing?”

George scoffs, leaning up. “Now, don’t play dumb with me, Dream,” he taunts, “Isn’t this what you’ve been fantasizing about?”

Dream’s eyes widen. “What? Of course, not. Why would you think—”

George tuts, stopping the other’s words by the flick of his tongue as he lets go of Dream’s face.

“You’re a big boy, right? I think you can guess pretty quickly what I’m getting at here.”

Dream looks down almost immediately, staring wondrously at the boy’s thighs. His eyes happen to land upon three triangular-shaped freckles that can be seen under the sheer fabric of the lace stockings—just like the pornstar’s. And then, it clicks. Everything he’s watched and heard and jacked off to presents itself at the front of his brain, the biggest realization dawning on him. George is the boy from the videos. What the fuck.

He’s spent the last three days obsessing over someone who was George the entire fucking time. The signs were there all along. How didn’t Dream figure this out sooner?

Dream tilts his head to the backrest of the sofa, a low groan slipping up the hollow of his throat. He feels George shift on his lap.

“You finally figured it out?” George hums, the grin being heard in his voice, “Can’t believe you were so dumb.”

Maybe George couldn’t say too much about it; he had been just as blind to it as Dream since he would’ve never guessed that Dream was one of his followers. Surely Dream hadn’t been that

oblivious; George considered his moans to be pretty recognizable. But with the shock that's currently falling over Dream's face, George can deduce that he had been *that oblivious*.

Dream snaps his head up, a delicate eyebrow raised. "Excuse me?"

George giggles. A seductive look in his scintillating eyes as he bites his lip. "You heard me, Dreamie," he teases with a sweetly sarcastic lull, "Do you want hearing aids?"

The bratty spike causes the embarrassment that lingers in Dream's blood to dissipate ever so slowly—replacing itself with a more dominant edge. Dream can handle sarcasm—he's done it plenty of times when George was still in the UK, though usually, he could never do anything about it until now. He smirks, juts his hand out, encasing the boy's cheeks between his fingers. George gasps from the harshness.

"Don't start thinking you have the upper hand here, George," Dream spits out, "Just because you caught me off guard does not mean you're in charge. Got it?"

George hums, trying to smile against the restraint of Dream's hand before mumbling out, "I'm still getting what I want either way."

"Yeah?" Dream turns his nails to the skin, and George nods, "And what's that?"

"You."

"Me?" Dream whispers, the video of the boy—George—getting fucked by someone unknown flashes through his mind, "And what about that guy from your channel? Did you tell him the same thing?" Dream pushes George's face away upon hearing the quiet huff.

"No," George sneers, "I didn't. He fucking sucked anyway," he mumbles the last part, "I had to think about you the entire time just to get off."

Dream chuckles lowly, cocking his head. "Is that how you talk about your past fucks? That they sucked?"

"For my first time, he fucking sucked, Dream."

"You were a virgin?"

George's face flushes. "Yeah. I-I was. Why does it matter?"

"I dunno," Dream shrugs, "Just kinda figured you'd be more of a cocksut, that's all."

For something so vulgar, it slips from Dream's tongue so casually. The words send a slight twinge of fire slipping down George's back and under his skin, an audible whimper being punched out into the air. Dream scoffs.

"You liked that?" he asks, toying with the tops of George's stockings, dipping his fingers under the elastic. George nods. "God, you're such a fucking slut, George."

George whimpers pathetically, rocking his hips. "Please," he whispers, "please kiss me."

"Kiss you?" Dream smirks, hands gripping the bone of George's hips.

"Yes."

And how could Dream say no to someone who moans so beautifully?

Dream moves a hand to the back of George's head, urging him forward. The clash of their lips had been something long-awaited, something George had fantasized about for what seems like forever; one of many reasons he started a porn account (he needed to let out his sexual frustration in some way). And maybe, just maybe, when creating the account, George secretly wished Dream would stumble upon it—another fantasy of his. That one also came true.

Hesitant is the only word that George can use to describe the kiss. It's almost like Dream is trying to be gentle with George, trying to be soft with him even if the previous words that left Dream's tongue had a harsh bite that leaves George reeling with desire. George doesn't want that. What he wants is for Dream to completely wreck his frail little body until he's shaking uncontrollably. Not touch him like he's made of feeble glass.

So he pushes. George presses his lips harder against Dream's, his hands gripping at broad shoulders in a silent request to *be rough*. And Dream listens. Listens in the way his hands turn bruising on George's hip and fingers tighten in brown locks. Listens in a way that makes George whine into his mouth, the noise vibrating against Dream's lips. George gets his request fulfilled, and though he might regret it later, he enjoys the moment while he can.

The kiss is nothing short of unyielding. Dream licks into George's mouth with a burning desire and an intent of making him suffer, pliant to whatever Dream wants to do to him. Saliva mixes with obscene, slick sounds, coating lips with glossy spit that's cleaned up before it slips down between chins. Ivory teeth bite at George's lips in a way that hurts in the best way possible, hurts in the way that could draw blood if Dream wants to.

Everything about it is hot. It burns with an intense passion that crawls over George's skin and buries him alive, suffocating him in his wake. But Dream doesn't relent. Dream doesn't let George have a lick of air, keeping his lips pressed against his own in a way George can not keep up with. He doesn't let George breathe until he can feel the way George turns his nails into the fabric-covered surface of Dream's shoulders, and his mind begins to slip away from the lack of oxygen.

Dream pulls away, a string of spit connecting their lips before it drips down, landing on their chins. George is gasping for air, chest heaving as Dream allows him to breathe for a moment before their lips are pressing together again, only now more knowing in the sense of how George likes it.

Spit begins to trail down the curve of his chin in a way that can't be helped. Every whimper and whine that crawls up the inside of George's throat is swallowed by Dream's mouth, making him dizzy. It's nothing but messy as George *tries* to keep up with the other's fast pace. He digs his nails into Dream's shoulder again, silently begging for him to slow down even though he's the one who wanted the rough treatment in the first place.

But Dream obliges.

His lips—chapped in a way that tickles—drag down to the empty canvas of George's throat, hands pulling at brown hair to tilt his head back. Spit sputters from George's mouth as Dream sucks the skin between his teeth, marking pretty little blemishes into the flesh that'll juxtapose mulberry against alabaster in a matter of time. Dream claims the boy with his marks, the image of George posting a video of himself bruised with a litter of hickeys lingering in the back of his mind. He wants people to know that the boy is taken, even if they don't know by who.

That's when Dream remembers the man that fucked George for the entire world to see. The thought brings an excessive amount of rage, compelling Dream to bite at George's neck in a way that he knows hurts from the way the other curses. But he doesn't protest, so Dream does it again.

“Fuck!” George cries out, the savageness of the bite prickling tears in his eyes.

But as much as Dream wants to dig his teeth into the flesh once more, he doesn’t. He lifts his head from the crook of George’s neck, staring into tear-stained eyes.

“You okay?”

George nods. “Just fucking kiss me again.”

And though the kiss isn’t as overwhelming as the previous, neither of them mind. Soft whimpers penetrate through Dream’s skull, the movements of George’s hips barely processing in his head. Dream smirks against the boy’s lips, pulling back only for George to try and chase him, but he’s stopped.

“You wanna ride my thigh?”

The shock that falls across George’s face is enough to make Dream laugh. He lifts George by his hips, situating him on his right thigh, the cocky smirk never leaving his lips.

“Come on, princess,” he teases, “you were just humping me like a dog, weren’t you?”

George’s looks down, embarrassed, shy, face flushing a darker red—if that was even possible. He resembles a kid who’s been reprimanded by his parents, never meeting the other’s domineering gaze. And Dream wonders where the boy who fucked himself so shamelessly online disappeared to.

Dream curls his hand around the dip of George’s hip, forcing him to grind down, clothed cock dragging against the muscle in all the right places. The little moan that punches from George’s chest is enough for Dream to continue helping the poor boy chase his pleasure until he begins to move his hips on his own accord.

George hunches over, resting his forehead on Dream’s shoulder. It’s so fucking humiliating to have Dream watch him ride his thigh like a bitch in heat. But the blissful pleasure that spikes hot flashes of arousal in the pit of his stomach makes the humiliation of it all worth suffering.

Fingers thread through the strands of George’s hair, yanking his head up from Dream’s shoulder. An unbashful moan slips from his tongue, hips never faltering as Dream tuts out.

“I want to see your face, George,” he whispers, “I wanna see how pretty you look when you cum all over yourself.”

George nods, whispering a desperate agreement to the other’s words. The coil in George’s stomach tightens with every drag of his hips against Dream’s thigh, threatening to snap, threatening to make him spill inside of his shorts. He keeps eye contact, hooded eyes boring into Dream’s ebony gaze that tears George apart from the inside out.

“You look so pretty, baby,” Dream says, pulling his thumb to George’s mouth, pride filling his chest as he wraps his lips around the it. “You gonna cum?”

George nods, biting down on Dream’s thumb hard enough to leave an imprint.

“Then go on, slut. Cum for me.”

His decorated thighs tremble violently, moan after moan slipping from George’s mouth as his cock pulses in his shorts. And then he’s coming. Dream praises him, but he can barely comprehend any

of the words he's saying, head too fuzzy with the remnants of his orgasm.

Dream watches with an admirable eye as George tries to bring himself back to reality, leaning back down onto Dream's shoulder. If he's honest, George has never come that fucking hard in his entire life—and that says a lot about Dream already.

"Please," George whimpers out once his mind has come back to him, "wanna suck you off, Dream."

Dream hums. "You do?"

George nods weakly, lifting his head. "Yeah, please."

There's a tiny glint that sparkles in Dream's eyes as he stares at George, admiring his face—which looked so red and fucked out already. "Then get to work, yeah?"

George doesn't need any more convincing than that. He slides down between Dream's legs, looking up at him with wide, glassy eyes. His hands come to rest on the man's thighs, observing how small they look on top of the muscle; he *loves* how much bigger Dream is than him. Dream could pin him down so fucking easily if he wants to—hell, George hopes he does. He glides his hands up, just barely brushing over the bulge that tries to make itself visible through Dream's jeans, smirking at the hiss that George could hear from above him.

"You okay, Dreamie?" George teases, fingers fiddling with the button of the pants.

Dream rolls his eyes, huffing. "Just hurry the fuck up."

At Dream's words, George giggles but snaps the button open before unzipping the other's jeans, tugging them down along with his underwear. His eyes fall on Dream's cock, mouth parting in shock because holy shit, Dream is fucking *huge*.

Spit begins to gather under his tongue, and he gulps, peering back to Dream, who has a giant smirk on his face that George wants to slap off. George takes Dream into his hand, the thickness making it difficult to wrap his finger around all the way, before dragging his thumb along the underside of Dream's cock. He stares at the way precum drips from the tip in an elegant yet pornographic way, and all George wants to do is taste it on his tongue. So he does.

George darts his tongue out, laving over his head, collecting the precum from the slit. The tang of the salty substance salivates on his buds, and George makes a pathetic sound that vibrates from his throat. It's enough to make him squeeze his eyes closed and take more of Dream into his mouth, hand wrapping around the parts that he couldn't swirl his tongue around.

The low moan jerks out from above, making George's eyes flutter open, catching the moment Dream tilts his head to the back of the sofa. This only encourages George to tighten his lips around the man's cock and hollow his cheeks, pulling up ever so slowly, making Dream feel how his mouth took almost every inch.

George reels back, adoring how saliva connects the bottom of his lip to the head of Dream's cock. It looks and feels sinful, but now that George has Dream exactly where he wants him, he'll never get enough.

He dips his head back down, licking a stripe up to the head of the cock, moaning softly when Dream threads his fingers through his hair. The vibration sends a jolt up Dream's spine, his hips bucking up involuntarily, making George gag with an obscene noise that's hotter than it ought to be.

“Fuck, George,” Dream groans, feeling the other’s tongue drag along the veins of his dick, “Your mouth is so fucking good.”

The praise settles under George’s skin, blooming poppies through the marrow of his bones, and he hums, which earns him another low moan from the man.

George starts to bob his head, lapping at whatever surface of the sensitive skin he could roll his tongue over. His teeth graze over the top of Dream’s cock, and whatever that did for Dream, George loved the way he moaned out his name, the sound of a beautiful melody.

The grip in his hair becomes harsh. Dream starts to thrust into George’s mouth without warning, and if he weren’t enjoying it so much, George would have stopped it. With every jab of Dream’s cock in his throat, a spit-coaxed gag is shoved out of George’s mouth, and he wouldn’t be surprised if there isn’t a bulge that pokes with every prod. Tears prickle at the corner of George’s eyes, threatening to spill over with every squeeze of his eyelids.

George’s mouth is warm and snug, the perfect place for Dream to bury his cum. And boy, does he do exactly that. With a soft moan, Dream is coming down George’s throat, cock pulsing on his tongue, and hips sputtering to a stop as George helps him ride out his high. And though Dream is still coming down from its intensity, George still wants to lave his tongue across every vein on the shaft.

Dream lets him for a moment, arms too limp to try and pull George off, so he begs. “George. S-Stop it, Jesus Christ.”

George grins as he lifts his head, thumb still brushing at the underside of Dream’s spit coaxed cock, relishing the way it twitches from the subtle stimulation. The way Dream stares down at George—eyes darker than the usual emerald green—makes him feel nothing less than cocky in the most sadistic way.

“What is it, Dreamie?” George teases, sliding his hand down Dream’s length, “Can’t take it?”

Dream snakes his fingers around George’s wrist in a bruising grip, nails just barely digging into the skin, jerking George’s hand away from his cock. George whimpers from the strength, hot white flashing from the rough contact.

“I don’t think you’re in any position to talk, princess,” Dream spits, leaning down close, “You’re the one who can barely go two rounds without whining like a bitch.”

George huffs and tries to pull his wrist from where it’s been trapped by Dream’s hand, but his attempts are proven unsuccessful by the iron-like grip, so he whines out. Dream cocks an eyebrow, the corners of his mouth twitching, and he tightens his hand with enough pressure that there’s sure to be a bruise shaped with the indents of Dream’s fingers.

Nothing but desired stares crosses between them before Dream yanks on George’s arm, encouraging him to stand up. Big hands dip underneath the loose fabric of George’s t-shirt, ghosts up the sides of his ribcage, and the arousal that coats over his mind makes George believe he’s more sensitive than usual—but maybe it’s because Dream is the one touching him like this.

Dream then drags the hem of the shirt up the boy’s mouth, indirectly asking him to *bite down*. He plants soft kisses at the middle of George’s stomach, just barely sucking at the skin. Dream peers up at George behind thick eyelashes and green eyes, catching the moment pupils dilate in a sea of umber and his teeth bite down on his lips. Fingers dive underneath the band of George’s shorts that hug his front snugly, already showcasing the growing bulge.

“Already?” Dream grins, pulling the dirty shorts down past the fat of thighs, letting them fall to the ground with a soft sound, “Are you that desperate for me?”

George makes a sound of utter annoyance that quickly sputters into a high moan as Dream grips the base of his cock. The tip is red, leaking in a way that looks sinful and Dream drags his hand up slowly, making George feel every callus of Dream’s palm on his sensitive length. George flings his hands out to grip Dream’s shoulders, a shaky moan falling past his lips.

Dream’s hand is much bigger than George’s, allowing him to wrap around the entire length without much difficulty. And fuck, does it already feel so much better than when George does this by himself; he thinks he can become addicted to Dream’s hands if he tries.

Dream sucks on the inside of his cheek, gathering the spit under his tongue before letting it fall from his mouth to George’s cock. His hand glides up and down, spreading the saliva all over, thumb digging into the slit of the head. George keens, his knees threatening to give out underneath him from the pure bliss he feels. Dream notices this and tugs George to straddle his lap, hand never leaving his cock. Instead, going faster.

Moan after moan, jerk after jerk, and George is throbbing in Dream’s hand, pulsing with every flick of the other’s wrist that dares to draw him closer to the edge. With the remnants of his previous orgasm still flowing gently through the marrow of his bones, his second one is fast approaching. His pretty thighs tremble around Dream, the muscles in his stomach contracting as he makes it blatantly obvious that he’s close, but he never asks. That’s when Dream draws his hand away.

“*Fuck*,” George whines, dropping the shirt from his mouth, pressing his forehead into Dream’s chest, “W-Why...? I was so close.”

If Dream had just kept going for a few more seconds, George would’ve been convulsing, whining out with pleasure, and spilling into his hand. Fuck, why did he have to stop?

Dream hums, low and hot. “Why do you think, George?”

“I don’t know,” George grits out with a harsh bite, lifting his head, “I’m not a fucking mind reader.”

Dream rolls his eyes, attaching his hand to George once again. “You never know when to shut the fuck up, do you?”

George sputters, eyes rolling to the back of his head. “I do when your co-cock’s down my throat.”

His thighs tremble again as Dream speeds up his motions, rolling his thumb along the underside of the tip, to the side, down every vein, everywhere that is sensitive. George is brought right back up to the edge in a matter of seconds, hoping to god that Dream would let him fall over this time.

“You have such a filthy mouth, George. Did you talk this way to that guy?” George nods, and he doesn’t even mean to, knowing it would only make things worse. “Fucking slut.”

George nods again, *agreeing* with Dream’s words. “Yeah, Yeah, please.”

“What are you begging for, huh?”

“I wanna cum, Dream,” George whines, breathy and broken, “please make me cum, please—*fuck!*”

Dream pulls his hand away again. George is rutting his hips, whimpering from the loss of contact.

“Please, oh my god,” George begs, voice exasperated, “stop fucking doing that.”

“Doing what, princess?” There’s an innocent ring to Dream’s words, almost as if he didn’t just edge George twice in a row.

George glares at him. “You know what you did, you fucking bitch.”

Dream’s hand snaps up to George’s face, fingers digging into the skin hard enough to force his mouth open, his other working at George’s cock again.

“I thought you’d learn your lesson the first time, sweetheart,” Dream hums out, chuckling as George tries to respond, “You can cum when you stop being a brat, got it?”

George nods.

“Good boy,” Dream smirks before he spits into George’s mouth, letting go of his face, “Now swallow.”

George eagerly does as he’s told. And then, he’s moaning and whining before he could try and muffle his sounds, letting Dream do whatever he wants as he just sits there and takes it. He takes it because he *wants* to be good for Dream. He takes it because he wants to fucking cum. And Dream finally lets him.

With a soft cry of *thank you*, George is spilling over Dream’s hand. Cum, warm in all things pornographic, coaxes Dream’s fingers, slipping down to dip between the digits; it reminds him of the many nights he’s spent imagining this very moment. Dream doesn’t admire it long before George pulls his hand up to his lips, using his tongue to lick the cum from where it slips down the skin, never breaking eye contact with Dream.

“God,” Dream breathes, “you’re such a slut.”

“Only for you.”

Dream hooks his hands under George’s thighs as he stands up, the Brit wrapping his legs around the other’s waist. George doesn’t know where they’re going—doesn’t care—but he still lets Dream carry him like he’s nothing. And before George knows it, he’s being sat on the dining room table, Dream tearing his shirt off with a desperate motion.

“Fuck me, Dream,” George whispers against his lips, wanting to kiss them with a vicious fervor, “Please.”

And Dream does *not* waste any time. He flips George over on his stomach, pulling him down the table so he can stand on his tip-toes on the floor. Dream grips at the plush flesh of George’s ass hard enough to leave a small red mark in the shape of his hands for a few seconds and spreads his cheeks apart. George whines when he brushes his fingers against the rim of his hole, admiring the view.

Spit gathers beneath Dream’s tongue, and he lets it lull from his mouth, becoming concentrated enough to break off and spill over George’s fluttering hole. George moans from the warmth, pushing his hips back against Dream’s fingers that start to circle his entrance.

“Please,” George muffles out, crossing his arms over each other, laying his face to the side.

With that one pathetic syllable, Dream pushes a middle finger in, sinking to the first knuckle. He had expected George to be tighter than he is now, raising suspicion in his head.

“Did you stretch yourself already?”

George nods, feeling the way Dream nudges a second finger inside of him. “Y-Yeah. In, In the shower.”

“Fuck,” Dream breathes, “You were expecting this, weren’t you? God, you’re such a little whore, George.”

Dream thrusts his fingers at a mediocre pace, spreading them apart, curling them in a way that has George moaning out a loud whine when he brushes past his prostate. Dream fucks George on two of his fingers until George is begging for another, to which Dream happily obliges.

Everything is hot. Dream is hitting his prostate with unnecessarily large fingers every time he pushes inside. And George can only imagine what Dream’s cock would feel like when it’s finally stuffed inside of him. Continuous moans are dragged from the hollow of George’s throat, legs shaking with a ferocious tremor, and he can barely keep himself standing anymore.

“Dream,” George gasps, “I think I’ll die if you don’t just fuck me already.”

Dream grins as he pulls his fingers out and coats his cock with a generous amount of spit. Sure, they had lube, but that was back in George’s bedroom, and they both were way too desperate to walk that far in their fuzzy mindsets.

He teases his cock against the boy’s hole. “You ready?”

“Yes, fuck, please just—”

George cuts off with a pathetic moan as Dream pushes inside ever so slowly. And *fuck*, he feels so goddamn full already, and Dream isn’t even all the way in. He’s imagined this before while fucking himself onto one of his dildos—the one he thought Dream would compare to—but nothing could compare to the real thing. No thought, no toy, *nothing*. And it feels like Dream would never stop pushing in until he eventually does.

Dream falls over George’s back, propping himself up by his hands on the table to stabilize himself. He lets out a breathy groan because, fuck, George is tight when stretched over his cock. He begins to rock his hips at an antagonizing pace, making George feel every fucking inch of his cock buried inside of him until he’s begging for Dream to *hurry up*.

He pulls out, teasing the tip against George’s fluttering hole before snapping his hips forward, making the boy scream out in pleasure as Dream hits his sweet spot with the head of his cock. A string of whines and curses and moans float gently into the air with every bruising thrust of Dream’s pelvis. George is thrashing his legs, his tongue is lolling out, his eyes are squeezing shut, and his dick is leaking precum on the floor.

“I love your cock—” George moans, high-shrilled and oh-so broken, “*Fuck*— I love it so much.”

The praise seeps into Dream’s mind like venom, poisoning every ridge of his brain, compelling him to thread his fingers in George’s hair and *pull*. Dream tugs George up, spillover, so his back is even with his chest. Every loud moan seemed to be even *louder* as they settled in Dream’s ears with gentle grace; they only encourage Dream to snap his hips even fast.

“Yeah?” Dream breathes, drawing George’s head to his shoulder, allowing for a better view of the

boy's fucked out expression, "You do?"

George nods his head to the best of his ability, his noises never faltering as Dream's eyes pierce through him. "Yeah—fuck."

Dream smirks, sucking on the inside of his cheeks, spitting on George's face until saliva coats the bridge of his nose.

"Good," he says, pushing George back down on the table, "Now take it like the the fucking slut you are."

And George does. He takes it so fucking well, Dream's cock dragging in all the right places to make him convulse with pleasure until he's coming for the third time. Dream isn't far behind; the way George clenches around him has him spilling into George with a loud groan.

They don't remember anything else from that night, heads too cloudy with leftover lust as they mumble sweet nothings and crawl into bed with each other after cleaning up. And by the time morning comes and the birds chirp out beautiful melodies, they're boyfriends.

All in all, Dream loves whoever posted that dumb tweet with that stupid caption and repulsing link that led to an even more repulsing website.

End Notes

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